



"To be a King is not in my commission."

sion," he said to Doctor Verity. "It squares not with my call or my conscience. I will not fadge with the question again; no, not for an hour."

These three years were full of glory and romance, and the poorest family in England lived through an epic of such national grandeur as few generations have witnessed. Yet, amid it all, the simple domestic lives of men and women went calmly on, and birth, marriage, and death made rich or barren their homes. Jane Swaffham had long been able to think of Cluny—not as lying in a bloody grave, but as one of the Sons of God among the Hosts of Heaven. And this consolation accepted, she had begun to study Latin and mathematics with Doctor Verity and to give her love and her service to all.

Matilda's life during this interval had been cramped and saddened by the inheritance from her previous years. Really loving Cymlin, she could not disentangle the many threads binding her to the old unfortunate passion, for, having become wealthy, the Stuarts would not resign their claim upon her. Thus she was compelled, often against her will, to be aware of plots for the assassination of Cromwell—plots which shocked her moral sense, and which generally seemed to her intelligence exceedingly foolish and useless.

She loved Cymlin, but she feared to marry him. She feared the reproaches of Rupert, who, though he made no

is high time he ceased to warn, and begin to punish."

"My dear sweet Jane, the Cromwells are in their kingdom now; I do not pretend to keep foot with them—and I have troubles of my own; pray God they be not too many for me!"

It was evident Matilda was not in an amiable mood, and Jane having said the few words that brought her to Jerery House that morning, left her friend. She went away with a troubled look, and Matilda watched the change and smiled to herself at it. "I am quite content to have her made a little unhappy," she thought. "On my honor! Jane looks younger and prettier than when Neville was alive and worrying her. Lovers die and husbands die, and 'tis a common calamity, and better people than Jane have endured it. I will go now to my aunt's parlor." She found there an acquaintance whom had had known in Paris, the Countess Gervais.

"I have but now sent a messenger for you, Matilda," said Lady Jevity; "the Countess desired greatly to see you." Then the conversation became reminiscent, and the new plot was not named, and Matilda began to be bored. Suddenly, however, her interest was raised to the highest pitch, for the Countess, touching a bracelet which Lady Jevity wore, said:

"I must tell you a strange thing. I was lately at a dinner where the niece of his Eminence, Cardinal Mazarin,

planned to talk over the affair with her uncle. When she did so, he regretted her precipitancy, and refused to move in the matter at all. "It would be the height of imprudence," he said. "The young man is dead and gone, and we cannot bring him back, though England went to war with France on that quarrel. The Protector is ill, worn out with sorrow and anxiety, and if one of his old attacks should seize him at this time, it would have the mastery. And when Cromwell dies, there is no question of what will happen. The nation will give Charles the Second a trial. Then Matilda, when Charles comes back, Prince Rupert comes with him. We may need the friendship of Prince Rupert to save ourselves. No one can tell how this reputedly good-natured Charles will act, when his hands are able to serve his will. I will not then make an enemy of so powerful a man as Prince Rupert is like to be."

It was rarely Sir Thomas spoke with such decision, and Matilda was much impressed by his words. They made her hesitate still more about her marriage with Cymlin.

During the first hours of her discovery, Matilda had wondered if she ought to tell Jane what proof of Cluny's death had come to them; for in her heart she scoffed at the idea of Cluny returning to Paris to sell the jewels. But Jane did not visit her for some time, and she was daily expecting an answer from Prince Rupert. This letter might be of great importance, one way or another, and she resolved to wait for it. It came more rapidly than she had anticipated, and its contents temporarily fanned to a feeble flame her dying illusions concerning her first lover. In this letter Rupert "on his honor" reiterated his first statement. He declared that he left Neville in health and safety, having at the last moment urged upon him his own swift Barb, which offer Neville refused. He said he should seek mademoiselle's presence until he saw her wearing the jewels, and then make question concerning them; and if not satisfied, go at once to her Uncle Mazarin. He was sure it was now only a few weeks ere the truth would be discovered. These promises were blended with his usual protestations of undying devotion, and Matilda was pleased, though she was not satisfied. For to Rupert's letter there was a postscript, and in that postscript one word which sent the blood to her heart, cold with terror—

"P. S. It may be the Bastille, and not the grave, which holds the Neville secret."

(To be continued.)

is that the world is better every day.

It may be that prayer when sincere and aggressive is a source of will power which improves the world in general as well as the individual who offers the prayer.

Were you ever depressed by a story you read or which some one told you? Do you think that we should let the conditions of the report to enter and remain in our mind? Can we drive out the thoughts from our head the same as we would a vermin-loaded bat flying in our houses?

We are less able to help those who need help if we are depressed because depression weakens.

We are not able to do good work anywhere if our minds are poisoned with the fumes of the acids of evil.

We can and we should train ourselves to resist those forces which injure our individuality and cut down our ability to comfort, encourage and wisely direct.

Pocket Pieces.

Do you carry things in your pockets or jewelry on you that have stories about them? To-morrow I expect to be interviewed by a newspaper man whom I have never seen and my plan is to talk about something I had in my pockets to-day before I knew that Mr. Unknown was to ask me questions. You may be given the story which he writes my remarks into. But it may be a woman with a pencil.

Since last August my lectures to audiences of one for newspaper articles have pleased me. My plan is to keep them going, cut them up and pass them along to you.

In one case a reporter had a club of a subject of his own with which he wanted to hit a certain class of people, but he wanted me to hold the club and he got me to say something on that subject. I can imagine that some of my acquaintances have looked a little differently at me since that interview came out. That reporter is a valuable help to me in my advertising of accuracy, but he made me more cautious.

Do you blame me for the interview department of my forethought promotion? I sit down an hour, more or less, and have a pleasant visit with a bright-minded person on my favorite subject—the daily sources of better methods. That person devotes hours to carefully and skillfully writing out and framing my suggestions, then places them before the eyes of thousands. Five years ago I tried to do something like this and failed. To-day it is a natural product.

nothing.

If there is anything we need, original preparation for it is for times when we talk to friends with breaking hearts and bleeding memories.

Bright Boys Scarce.

A man got a boy to help him carry bundles to a railroad station. The station was used by four railroads. There were two stairways, each leading to two trains for two roads. The man knew better, but by easy error he started up the wrong stairway, because he was thinking about some other subject and he nearly always used that stairway when taking trains at that station.

The boy instantly corrected him and he told the boy that he needed a manager as well as some one to help him carry bundles. An employment bureau says that the right kind of boys are difficult to find.

There are a plenty of neglected boys which might have been taught to enjoy doing things and do them right also. Some time ago people with forethought saw that they must begin to grow ability and earnestness the same as they grew wheat and corn, so they started places for doing this kind of work.

Many children are so situated they have neither opportunity nor incentive for any kind of useful work without which the end is poor judgment and indolence. In some homes there is so much "civilization" the children are the last to be thought of and for.

Money on Your Cup.

You have been told to catch your money on your coffee? Ask the elderly what it means. There is a lesson in it.

It requires quick action to get it. It requires a knowledge of how to do it to get it.

It requires a steady and aggressive action to get it.

Now are not these personal qualities just the ones necessary to make money in this world provided you add a desire to have money?

Let those who have learn how to wisely use and let those who have not learn how to honestly acquire and wisely use—overcome evil with good.

Unless we do this we slip back into error and darkness and go right over again the old road of discord and strife and vicious competition.

While there is a fight on I am not in it. I could not teach a Sunday school class of little boys if it required a policeman there to keep order. Peace and a desire to know more is where Earl M. Pratt works.